CHAPTER I...... THE KEY.
[Continued.]

Notwithstanding this account of Homodei, and although his appearance bore out the description given of him. Angelo could not help looking at him with suspicion. His colloquial fervor was entirely checked, and Thisbin had no difficulty in persuading him to go and join the other guests. She herself, she said, would soon follow him, but she saw her brother Rodolfo comisg, and would first have a word with him.

The podesta left, and the brother Rodolfo toolhis place.

Brother, indeed! He was no brother; neither

Brother, indeed! He was no brother; neither was his name Rodolfo; though as every one is Padua is calling him by that assumed name, we shall retain it throughout the narrative. If the charming actress was coy and cold to the podesta, she made amends by her ardent reception of Redolto. This cavalier had followed her to Padua. part of Italy: for Thisbin, as might be presumed from her profession, often passed from etry to city. In order to facilitate their intercourse, and balk the jealous scratiny of the podesta, she at once declared him to be her brother, and they had for some days, under the protection of this assumed relationship, enjoyed the unrestrained intercourse of lovers.

But while the manner of Thishia was most ca-ressing, frank, and fond, an eye witness could not have failed to observe that the demeaner of Rohave failed to observe that the demeanor of Rod dolfo was far more culm and reserved than so cor-dial a reception from so beautiful a woman would have led him to expect. After she had been pour-ing out ker heart to him in those wild and passion-ate strains, which, as they are only intelligible to lovers, we here willingly omit, he would reply kind-ly, but briefly; he would praise her beauty, and her guarrous heart that deserved to be leved; but he ded this with, more of reflection then of massion;

scrutiny on the deportment of her cavalier.

But she could not devote the whole evening to a literative with Rodolfo; she was compelled to a lete-a-174 with Rodolfo; she was compensate region her other visiters. Their interview, it was agreed, should again be renewed when all the guests had departed; nay, if he chose to be upon that terrace in about an hour's time, they might before that see each other again.

"Charming woman! you deserve to be loved,"

less!—the old love has always re-appeared under the new. You have come to Padua—it was not to follow Thisbia-it was because the wife of the

podesta"

"Peace!" exclaimed Rodolfo, "Hold thy
peace! Name her not."

"Would you see her!—see her this night?"

"Who are you?" was the answer of the astonished Rodolfo.

"I am the idiot and the musicia: " replied
Homodel with the same student smile. "Would Homodel with the same strister smile. "Would you see Catarina Bragadina, the wife of Angelo Malipieri, who is both her husband and her suiter?"

"Would I see her? Oh, God! that it were possible!" exclaimed Rodolfo.
"You would see her then? You shall."
"Where?"
"Where?"
"Where?"

"In her own chamber. At midnight meet me at the southern side of the pedesta's palace, and I will be your guide. Go now-remember at midnight. At present leave this place to me, I have need of it." And Rodolfo windoew to prepare himself for his mysterious appointment.

Homodei lingered on the terrace, where he was aware that Thisbia would soon make her re-appearance. She came, and was disappointed in not finding Rodolfo, but still more surprised when she saw Homodei stand before her, looking at her with a keen penetrating glance, very unlike the idiot she had been ready to answer for to the podesta.

"He is gone, Signora," said Homodel.
"Ha!" exclaimed Thisbia, "what dreadful deceit is this! And the unhappy podesta!"
"Never mind the podesta. He is gone, I say."
"Who are you!"

to think that she had taken a fancy to this trinket. He pressed it on her. He had another key: it was quite safe in her keeping; he would have every lock in his palace altered, if this would re-

Another.

"A third. The same key opens them all."
"And what benind the third!"
"You will see," said Homoder with a laugh, and

alone; the fair prisoner was in her eratory at her devotions. But though no one was there, the tapestry in one corner of the room was seen to move; it was drawn aside, and a door opened, dictiosing a dark passage from which Homodei ascended, followed by Rodolfo.

"Enter," said the former.

"Where am I?" inquired Rodolfo.

"Perhaps on the first step of your scaffold," was the very encouraging reply. "Have you never heard that there is in Padua a chamber, which, though full of gold and velvet, flowers, perfumes.

though full of gold and velvet, flowers, perfumes, and perhaps of love, it is fatal to enter? for even to open a door of it is a crime punishable with death, be the culprit who he may, noble or ple-bia, young or old?"

bia, young or old?"
You speak of the chamber of the podesta's

"In that chamber you are now standing. If you have four there is yet time—the door is still open—you may retreat."

"Where is she!" was the sole answer of the

over.

"You will remain, then?" said Homodei. "She is now in her oratory—she will be here instantly. I presume you do not desire my company."

Homodei, before quitting the apartment, contrived to place upon the table, unseen by Rodolfo, as open letter; and then, retiring through the masked door, left Rodolfo alone in the chamber.

He was not alone long. When Catarina entered and found her old lover kneeling at her feet, her first thought was that of alarm for the danger that he ran; and she could reflect on nothing else than how to secure his immediate escape from the perilous spot on which he stood. Rodolfo acceeded in assuring her that he was safe—that he had been conducted there by a secret passage, and could retreat at will. She then bade him sit down in a chair by her side, and gave herself up to the

could retreat at will. She then bade him sit down in a chair by her side, and gave herself up to the pleasure of again seeing and conversing with one he had so sincerely loved.

"They forced me," she said, "as you know, to this marriage; it was a prison that they closed upon me. This jealous keeper of mine dreads his honor. Rodolfo, you whem I love, I tell you that his honor is safe—but this heart, Rodolfo, is still thine."

With fond inquire she catreated him to tell her

With fond inquiry she catreated him to tell her what he had been doing—where he had been wandering—what had filled up his history in the interval of their separation. It was a void, he said—he could think only of that separation—he knew not what he had been doing—he knew only what he had felt. Then the next moment Covarina, with had felt. Then the next moment Covarina, with

ject it.

"But why," said he, "bring this to my wife !"

"To what other chamber in this house,, she said with a smile, "could !, at this time of night, have directed myself!"

"But how could you gain entrance here!"

"The key you gave me."

"I never told you that it opesed these chambers."

"Oh, you forget!"

"And the cleak—what means this!"

"I threw it round me as a disguise and protection: I had a hat also, but I have somewhere dropped it. And now you shall escort me home.

dropped it. And now you shall escort me hone if you will."

far the greater portion of the mineral products of that region would seek a market via Buffalo. The amount received here up to the 22d inst. from ports on Lake Michigan, shiefly from Milwaukie, was 6,763 pigs, or 453,410 pounds—the pigs averaging about 70 lbs—and 400 kegs of shot. Last

"It is my oratory, madem—nothing else. There is no person there. Some one has deceived you. If it is my oratory, banished, concealed from all eyes."

If is my oratory, madem—nothing else. There is no the second flow, where may be bound an expension of the second flow, where may be bound an expension of the second flow as the second flow, where may be bound an expension of the second flow as the second flow, where may be bound an expension at its office, it vesy three, New York, or apply the second at its office, it vesy three, New York, or apply its numerous agents in the chief towns of the United States, it is my oratory, I assure you. There is no

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